

BY CHARLES DARNTON

no longer than his overworked forelock, but nearly a page of the programme was given up to his highly moral views on the subject of Eugene Walter's dublous play, "The Easiest Way." Kindly note: "Young girls and young boys go out into the world and meet its dangers, and it is the mission of plays like The Ensiest Way to remind those who treat these dangers lightly and care-'essly that one day they will be called on to pay the penalty."

Perhaps. But as to the value of its "lesson," why prate about the high moral aspect of the case? The same New York that couldn't endure "Mrs. Warren's Profession? when it was offered in good faith and better intelligence will probably flock to "The Easlest Way," not because of its "moral lesson" but because it ends straight through the Tenderloin. It will be the talk of the town, the thestrical scandal of the season, for the simple reason that it exploits the type of woman who lives by virtue of the easiest sort and the check-book of the man who tays: "I am always proud to take you around because you're one of the prettiest

The New York idea in this instance is made as clear as champagne, and in thousing Miss Frances Starr to bring out the idea Mr. Belasco has forsaken the merely "pretty" play like "The Rose of the Rancho" and gone back to the highly-

colored specimens of the tribe of Zaza. To give the author his due, Mr. Walter has given Mr. Belasco an American "Zaza.

French music hall singer, Laura Murdock is a "real actress" in her leisure moments. As a study of the easy side of theatrical life Mr. Walter's play leaves little to the imagination. It paints "The Great White Way" red. It is full of the courage of "color." No doubt it will be called "daring." But it cannot be called original aside from its treatment, for it merely does what has been done before-exhibits the weak, pleasureloving woman whose sense of luxury 's stronger than her moral sense. Pinero treated the same subject pretty thoroughly in "Iris" and made his spoiled creature of circumstances more interesting, more generous and more appealing than Mr. Walter has made Laura Murdock. Nothing about this "pretty thing" of the restaurants stands out strongly except that she always "leans the wrong way.

Even Mr. Walter himself may admit that Pinero ink doesn't run in his non. But he knows how to write straight over the footlights. His play, like his men, has a certain hard brilliancy, and it is

interesting mainly because of its unusually lifelike, human characters and because of its direct, if common, speech. Its weakness lies in the fact that Laura never rouses any real sympathy. To be sure, she and her devoted newspaper reporter, John Madison, talk a great deal of how their love for each other has worked a change in their lives, but the dreams of neither turn to anything but money-getting, and the highest ambition of Madison is to give the woman he hopes to marry the cabs, the clothes, the manicures and hairdressers she has been enjoying at the hands of another man.

Frances Starr as Laura Murdock.

Strong meat was served to last night's audience at the Stuyvesant from the first. The New York broker who had supported Laura for two years was with her at a ranch house in Colorado when the reporter came to lay his full heart and empty purse at her feet. In her stock company phrase she gave Brockton his 'two weeks' notice." She had survived two husbands and now she thought she tould get along without the broker. He had his own notion about that, but he agreed to play fair with the reporter. If Laura should change her mind when he got back to New York he would let Madison know. Everything was beautifully arranged. Laura would go back to Broadway and wait for the reporter to "make tis pile."

A Belasco bedroom is usually an interesting sight, and Laura's "furnished room" in a New York theatrical boarding-house was no disappointment. It was a hard luck story in itself. Laura was living on letters from her Western reporter -letters which did not read "Enclosed please find check." She was behind with the rent and she couldn't get a job. To make matters harder for the poor actress, Brockton had used his influence with theatrical managers to keep her from retting a position. Her prosperous friend Elfie St. Clair came around to give her I little advice. "This is a game, Laura," said Elfie, "not a sentiment." She finally confessed that Brockton was waiting downstairs ready to make Laura

Brockton came up. He had played a waiting game and won. It only remained for him to dictate a letter to Madison in which Laura said she did not love him and was going back to her old life. Instead of sending the letter, however, Laura burned it and then threw herself on the bed to think before she went to dinner.

The next act found her in "an expensive hotel" with Brockton. The morning paper told him that Madison had "struck it rich," and when Laura got a telegram forced her to give it up and discovered that the lucky young man was coming to marry her. The broker, with an excusable show of temper, then learned that she had not sent the letter he dictated. She had been lying to him all along, terialized Earthquake, that Animated But she flared up and told him to go, and he took himself off with the sensible Moving Van-the guy you saw me sit- say I. 'And you bet your tootsie- friend. That wasn't my play.) reflection. "What the hell's the use of fussing with a woman?"

Laura lied to Madison when he arrived, and lied to him again after his suspi- "Why, no," said the Conductor, "when fore it's gone. Business in this town is some heated up with my own eloquence. cions had been aroused by stories his Park Row friends had told him. But they you left the train-and by the way, you were all ready to leave the place and get married when Brockton let himself in ought to have got arrested for climbing with his latchkey and the whole ugly truth came out. That was enough for Madi- through the car window that way-he von. Laura had deceived him and he was through with her. She got a revolver rode on down to the Bridge. He laughed and declared she would shoot herself. Madison doubted her courage, but called all the way down. What was the joke?" In her colored maid to see that she was acting voluntarily. Then he boited. Laura "I was," said the Subway Bun ruepicked up the pistol she had dropped only to decide that she would go to Rector's fully. "Laughs, does he? I 'spose! instead of the next world. This decision was made with great emotion.

Miss Starr, with her hair dressed to make her look like Mary Garden, was not saw an innocent, plump, blue-eyed tot at her best in her emotional moments, but she managed the unpleasant part with fall under a steam roller. tonsiderable credit to herself. Miss Emma Dunn covered herself with new glory and "I accumulate him at One Hundred burnt cork as the colored maid, and Laura Nelson Hall was distinctly of the town and Thirty-fifth street. He eases himand decidedly amusing as the mercenary Elfie. Joseph Kilgour made the broker self in through the door and stacks himas hard as dollars, but his acting was as good as gold. He knew his man and self in a corner. He looks tired and his of speech begins not many miles from Boston and the distressing nasal twang is in "The Witching Hour." Miss Starr's support couldn't have been better. It was bouncer in one of these dance halls up born in Pittsburg or St. Louis will, however, find that the native provincialisms an evening of good acting and bad morals.

Members of the Ananias Club



By "Scar"



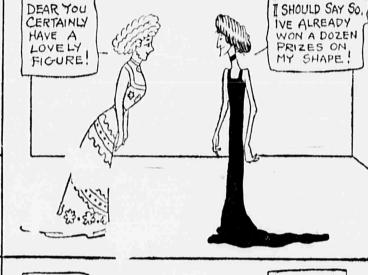
I PAID ONE

DOLLAR FOR

THIS CIGAR

AND IT ISN'T

WORTH TWO







The Subway Bun Talks Street Cleaning and Is Made Nervous

By Lindsay Denison.

the platform.

asked the Conduc- done so, he can't.

ting with your last trip down?"

He's the kind that would laugh if he

here or the head barkeep.' This is about are by no means ineradicable.

"Is he here?" he "'Hom's business I can get.

"'How's business, Bill?" "'Pretty bad night, to-night,' says he, that ain't all it is?

Pants, that Ma- the McClellan administration. So:

wootsies it will make more trouble be- "'Football players!' I say, getting

"Now the one best bet in standing in cepted as a motorman on Broadway. Jersey, they got to calling him B'g Bill.

repolitan Tower in Kelly or anybody like that, is to knock or stayed up after 8 o'lcock at night.

Boston's English the Best By Otis Skinner

F I were asked to name the city of these United States where the purest English is now spoken I should unhesitatingly pronounce in favor of late at nights, I say. "The conductor Boston. The clarity of speech there is not confined to people of wealth and culture, but extends to the working classes, the tollers and persons in all stations of life. I do not say that this excellence in articulation played him to the last inch. Edward H. Robins as Madison furnished an excellent legs are wet up to the knees. I say to difficult to escape. In Philadelphia a peculiar burr that is distinctly provincial contrast. William Sampson, as a philosophic showman, contributed a piece of myself. 'Here's a good guy to get next prevails. From Pittsburg to other sections of the middle West this burr assumes tharacter acting that ranked with his amusing sketch of the "tin-horn" gambler to. He frames up to me like the head more or less exasperating forms. The young actor or actress who happens to be

head into the car at Forty-second ple to pick on me in public and to resent a snow storm? What chance has it got? behind his back. Why, I tell you what him over my knee and spank him. In-

"That Human with a sporting man, like a bar-keep, or Neither one of 'em was ever south of Big stuff! Honest, I think I will take a Elephant, that Metropolitan Tower in Kelly or anybody like that, is to knock or stayed up after 8 o'look at night. "You bet the snow is making trouble," but I wasn't letting on to my sporting get it off my chest. And if he resents it I'll paste his face against the wall.'

"All this time this large person sits husky dance hall bouncers will, when they are listening to a really educated conversation. By this I take it that I have made good. So I make the next sten toward an alliance 'My business is over in Brooklyn

but I'm mostly over there on the Subway will always tell you I'm on a train, if you ask him if he's got the Subway Bun aboard. Now, . I like you and I'd

"That's when I opened the window at Forty-second street and backed out of

Most Great Men Are Sons of ceat Mothers

By John K. Le Baron

mothers. Many who have at- | acter. tained enduring distinction dissolute and obdurate fath- naught.

Very rarely have famous men sprung from mothers of a low grade. The story of Cornelia, daughter of Scipio, wife of Tiberius the elder and mother of the of Methodism.

when they were young, he left his sons to the mother's care. She declined the hand and crown of King Ptolemy that she might devote his resentments

her undivided attention to her sons. Great was her reward. The Gracchi were the noblest Romans fluence,

of their day. It was the mother influence that ews, "a woman of great energy and moulded their ideals.

woman of rare ' al and spiritual worth." The greet philosopher constantly sought her companionship and paved the way for the son's success. counsel. After her death he never went Richard Cobden was early separated

Her memory was the star of his des-We forget that all great men have

once been babes. It is difficult to picture Alexander

who "conquered the world," as a toddling infant at his mother's knee.

Yet the early influences have been the cornerstones of the glory of these years afterward he declared, "All that I am and all that I hope to be I owe to my mother."

The father of Savonarda was a local set of the glory of these clined."

OST great men have had noble teachings were the basis of his char

Cromwell's father died predicting that have been the sons of weak, Oliver would turn out a good-for-

> But Cromwell had a mother who was his inspiration and a wife to whose influence he was greatly indebted. Susanna Wesley was the real founder

Graechi, is one of the luminous pages | She was her son's constant confi-

True, Tiberius the younger and Calus Wesley's love for her was the underhad a remarkable father, but, dying current of his career. He repeatedly credited her with mak-

ing him all that he was. Pope, a cynic and a cage, bitter in

I in his cynicisms, was d to his mother and owed n .. tr restraining in-"It was to his mother," says Math-

rare accomplishments, that Bulwer The mother of Confucius was "a was indebted for the formation and al and spiritual guidance of his literary tastes." The mother love and ambition

on a journey without first visiting her from his home and sent by cruel fate, to an English boarding school.

It was, however, the heartaches of that separation from his mother that largely influenced his life and developed his sympathies. To Cobden's sympathies for human-

ity the world is forever indebted.

The father of Savonarola was an indigent profligate.

It was from his mother that he received his sublime courage, and her devotion of worthy mothers the world owes its greatest men.



My "Cycle of Readings." By Count Tolstoy.

Translated by Herman Bernstein. (Copyrighted by the Press Publishing Company, the New York World, 1908.) (Copyrighted by Herman Hernstein.) The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolstoy's original comments on the subject.

Enlightenment.

N enlightened man is he who knows his designation in life and who endeavors to fulfil it as far

LEARNED man is he who knows a great deal out A of books; an educated man is he who has mastered the sciences and manners in voque during his time; an enlightened man is he who understands the meaning of his life.

JAN.

HE only explanation of the senseless life which the people of our time ... are leading is to be found in the fact that the younger generations are taught innumerable most difficult subjects-about the state of the heavenly bodies, about the condition of the earth for millions of years, about night—in the morning. With my un- Providence sends warm weather to melt say, a feller like you or me could make the origin of organisms, and so forth. But they are not taught one thing, THE SUBWAY BUN poked his fortunate propensity for attracting peo- it off. What show has New York got in circles around them with one hand tied the only thing necessary—that is, the significance of human life—what the street and looked over the three my humanitarian inquiries, I need all If we had a Street Cleaning Departor four occupants the big husky friends I can get. So I ment, it would be different. But what not in the best of condition at that. I'll question. Not only are the younger generations not instructed in this, but

have we got? A kindergarten for re- go downtown and pull that man Ed- instead they are taught, under the name of religious training, the most abtired rah-rah boys. Now I ask you, if wards's nose and box his ears and turn surd nonsense, in which neither the teachers nor the pupils believe. Intor, who was on 'This snow is making a lot of trouble.' "They take a fat-head stiff off of a significant little shrimp! Just because stead of rocks, inflated air-bladders are placed under the structure of our He's trying to remember where he met met before, but naturally, not having sked the Conductive sked the Co HE most ordinary phenomenon of our time is that we see people who consider themselves learned, educated and enlightened walk in the

densest and most fetid ignorance; they are not only ignorant of the meaning of their life, but are proud of this ignorance; and, on the contrary, "(I'm a graduate of Amherst myself, citizens of this town think of him, to it is a no less ordinary matter to find among the uneducated and illiterate. people who know nothing at all about chemistry, about the parallaxes and the nature of radium, people who are truly enlightened, knowing the meanthere loking at me with a face like a ing of their life, and who are not proud of it, but who only pity those soside of beef, the way one of those big, called enlightened people who make their ignorance indestructible by their boundless self-assurance.

> HE only thing necessary in learning is the knowledge of what is real kindness. This knowledge is accessible to all.

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Love and Gold Hunting

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Burrell, local military commander, falls in ret and persuades him to go there with would it be, he wondered.

CHAPTER VII.

he didn't seem to be a jealous sort, just stupid and kind of heavy-witted; but fact in Charles that ever set one night he took advantable; but

a deal of talk when she chose young house." The story-teller paused, and His voice gave out and he stared again when it was seen that no harm had been Necla. Bennett over the Gaylord man, for Ben- Necia, who was under the spell of his at the floor. TYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. nett had been running second best from recital, urged him on:

returned home from a mission school. Lieut. The story did not interest the Cana- minute, the tale appearing to have deafening roar that caused Lee's candle ally asked Gale, who had sunk limply marked: Burrell, local military commander, falls in love with her. She reciprocates his affection. Poleon Dorest, Gale's young French partner, secretly loves Necia. Burrell learns of the partner, sec with horror that Necia is a half-breed In- felt too great a desire to put his hands ever happened in those parts," he con- and each man sprang to his feet crying shook his head helplessly. Runnion, a desperado, whom Burrell to work. As he watched Burrell and tinued. "Bennett came back to find his out affrightedly, for the noise had come Stark laid his finger on the hole has ordered out of Flambeau, returns, in Runnion bend over the table looking wife murdered and the kid gone." company with a professional "bad man" at a little can of gold-dust that Lee "Oh." said the girl, in a shocked had some miles from Flambeau. He had taken from under his bunk, his voice. talls Gale and Poleon, who start thither with eyes grew red and bloodshot beneath "Yes, there was the deuce of a time. lee to stake claims. Necia tells Burrell the his hat brim. Which one of the two The town rose up in a body, and we-

ber by a short cut, hoping to arrive on the corner of his eye he saw prior claims. They do so, and stake out prior claims. The stake out prior claims. They do so, and stake out prior claims. The stake out prior claims. The stake out prior claims.

head bowed over it earnestly, his face see where that comes in." in the shadow. He had ever been a careful and methodical man, reflected Poleon, and evidently would not go to sleep with his firearm in bad condition, be, he and the little one." "Nobody imagined that Gaylord would The Magic of Ben Stark, cause trouble," Stark was saying, "for but I don't believe it now."

Tukon, has an Indian wife, Alluna, and one settled between her and the other one. on." But Stark stared gloomily at his Stark made to speak, but the word to be excited over," said Stark. seautiful daughter, Necia. The girl has just However, they were married quietly." hands and held his silence for a full was never uttered, for there came a "How did it happen?" Runnion fin- Lee, shaking his head, and Burreil re-

you see, I happened to be there-we fol- been sitting.

"And you never caught him?" "No. Not yet." "He died of thirst in the desert, may-

"That's what we thought at the time, "How so?" way, for no man could have beheld the "Brace up, John! Sacre bleu! Your trader and not felt contrition. His conface look lak! flour. Come outside an "How so?"

"Couldn't the little girl be traced?" the accident. John Gale, post trader at Flambeau, on the the start, and everybody thought it was "Yes, yes. What happened then? Go said Necia. "What was her name?"

with utter unexpectedness. and with one jump he cleared half the laughed.

wall, and he shook like a man with self," declared the soldier. ague. But Stark stood unhurt, and more "It's a cinch," said Stark, positively. suspicion and anger, but it died straight. to lay his hand on Gale's shoulder. Stark, "the best that ever set one night he took advantage of Ben- then. No. Gaylord is alive to-day, and dition was pitiable, and the sight of a get lill air."

done the others strove to make light of | The trader silently rose, picked up his hat, and shambled out into the might "Get together, all of you! It's nothing behind the Frenchman. "The old man takes it hard," said

a greater shock than his companion." that the bullet had bored in the log pardon, Miss Necta." said Runnion. "My God, I've killed him!" cried Gale, close to where he was sitting, and Poleon led his friend down the trall

room and was beside Stark, while his "Never mind, old man, it missed me Gale had regained a grip of himself revolver lay on the floor where he had by six inches. You know there never and muttered, finally; was a bullet that could kill me. I'm "I never did such a thing before, Po "Wha'd I tell you?" triumphantly The young man turned squarely and

composed than any of them; following Doret, of all in the cabin, had said "I-I-I What do you mean?" the first bound from his chair, he had nothing. Seated apart from the others, "Don't lie will me, John. I'm happen relapsed into his customary quiet. There he had seen the affair from a distance, to be watch you underneat my hat had blazed up one momentary flash of as it were, and now stepped to the bed wen you turn roun for see if anybody

Gale. foot is Chandon, and there was nett's absence and sneaked up to the so is the girl. Some time we'll meet'- strong man overcome is not pleasant; "It will do you good, father," urged

Obtain

thought you were asleep," said

"I call it d- careless, begging your

for half a mile without speaking, till

"Well, because I'm careful, I suppose.

"Why?" insisted the Frenchman